STRANGE STORIES OF THRILLS AND SUSPENSE

DARK MYSTERIES

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DARK MYSTERIES

NO. 24

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

AN ENTHRALLING TALE OF THE INCREDIBLE ... THE FANTASTIC! READ WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU

"GIVE A MAN ENOUGH ROPE"

MANY CURIOUS THINGS FIND THEIR WAY INTO MY PAWNSHOP, BUT THIS IS THE STRANGEST YET! THIS LITTLE FIGURINE LOOKS ALMOST ***ALIVE*** -- AND ALONG WITH IT CAME THIS OLD BOOK ON HOW TO BRING OBJECTS TO LIFE. *I WONDER -- I WONDER -!!*

REDUCE WITH *DELICIOUS* KELPIDINE CANDY PLAN!

"WE GUARANTEE YOU WILL LOSE UP TO

5 POUNDS IN 5 DAYS*
10 POUNDS IN 10 DAYS*
15 POUNDS IN 15 DAYS*
25 POUNDS IN 25 DAYS*

AND KEEP IT OFF"**

*How Fast You Lose Weight Depends Upon How Quickly You Order and How Much You Are Overweight

**You Will Always Want to Keep on Eating Kelpidine Candy—and Keep on the Plan—It KEEPS Weight Off!

THIS CANDY MUST TASTE AS GOOD AS OR BETTER THAN YOUR FAVORITE CANDY OR YOUR MONEY BACK!

Now at last science has discovered a new delightfully thrilling way to take off fat—to lose up to 25 lbs. safely! The secret is that Kelpidine Candy satisfies your *craving* for high calorie foods! It keeps you from *overeating*—the reason most doctors give for being fat! It's the best aid to will power, cuts your *craving* for foods!

NO DANGEROUS DRUGS! NO HARDSHIP DIETS!

Here is thrilling news for fat folks! You can lose up to 25 lbs. in 25 days by simply nibbling on *tasty appetite satisfying* candy, whenever you are tempted to overeat.

YOUR MONEY BACK IF YOU DON'T REDUCE TO THE WEIGHT THAT MOST BECOMES YOU!

Thousands of people were amazed to find that this delicious candy plan actually takes off weight—without dangerous drugs, starvation diet, or hard-to-follow-methods. Here's one way to reduce that you will want to continue with to *keep off* fat! The Kelpidine Candy Plan helps you curb your appetite for fattening foods, helps keep you from overeating. Now you reach for a delicious sweet candy instead of fattening foods—it kills the overpowering urge to overeat—to eat between meal-snacks. Your craving for rich, fattening foods is satisfied with this candy plan. Almost like magic you begin to enjoy this plan for reducing.

SENSATIONAL TWO-WAY GUARANTEE!

This sweet delicious Kelpidine Candy plan is guaranteed (1) to take off up to 10 pounds of excess weight in 10 days. (2) to taste better or as good as your favorite candy and to be the best plan you ever followed or you get your money back.

SCIENTIFICALLY AND CLINICALLY TESTED!

That amazing ingredient in Kelpidine candy is the most remarkable discovery for fat people ever made. It's been tested by doctors in test-after-test. The results were far better than doctors ever hoped for! The results were reported in medical journals throughout the world! Doctors are invited to write for details.

HERE'S HOW TO REDUCE AND STAY SLIM!

Most people are fat because of overeating—too much high calorie fattening foods—to your amazement you will want to keep on eating this delicious candy even after you have reduced to the weight that most becomes you and you'll *keep your weight off that way!*

AMAZING DISCOVERY OF SCIENCE!

The Kelpidine Candy plan is the result of scientific research for years for a new discovery for something that will stop your craving for fattening food and also satisfy your appetite. This delicious candy does not turn into ugly fat, it gives you the same feeling of fullness you have after you have eaten a satisfying meal. It kills your desire to overeat—it kills your craving for bedtime snacks and for in-between meal snacks. It's so safe even a child can take it without bad effects. With Kelpidine Candy all you taste is its deliciousness—you can't tell the difference!

IT'S UNHEALTHY TO BE FAT!

Insurance companies and doctors tell everyone that too much fat shortens your life! Fat people die years sooner than people with normal weight! So be Safe! Be Fair to yourself! Start taking off ugly fat with delicious tasting Kelpidine Candy plan!

KELPIDINE CANDY IS DIFFERENT!

The amazing clinical *tested* and proven reducing substance contained in Kelpidine Candy is prescribed by many doctors—Don't be misled by imitation products—Kelpidine Candy is the result of scientific research and is the *last word* in Reducing.

DON'T CUT OUT FOODS** CUT DOWN ON CALORIES!

You never starve, you always feel full with Kelpidine Candy plan—You'll never suffer hunger pangs—Your desire for high calorie fattening foods is always *satisfied!* With Kelpidine Candy Plan you eat the same quantity of foods—you merely cut down on the *high calorie rich foods* with the help of Kelpidine Candy. You eat as much as you want, your calorie intake will be *less*—That's the delightful amazing thing!

YOU GET A LIBERAL SUPPLY OF CANDY!

Try the liberal supply of Kelpidine Candy Plan on our 10-day *no risk offer.* Keep a record of your weight—if you are not pleased with your loss of weight; if you can taste any difference between this candy and your favorite candy—return for refund. Just fill out coupon and mail to AMERICAN HEALTHAIDS CO., DEPT. K191, Candy Division, 318 Market St., Newark, New Jersey.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

You must be entirely satisfied with your loss of weight—This candy must taste as good as or better than your favorite candy—You must get rid of dangerous excess fat or your money will be refunded—Don't delay—You have nothing to lose but excess weight so mail coupon below now!

THIS CAN HAPPEN TO YOU!

WITH THIS DELICIOUS REDUCING CANDY PLAN!

Let this delicious candy plan help you control your desire for fattening food! Let it help you put a *stop* to the habit of *overeating*—A habit that's so hard to break! Kelpidine candy contains that new discovery many doctors prescribe to help curb your desire to overeat (the main couse of overweight).

$1.00 TRIAL SAMPLE SIZE!

CUT OUT AND MAIL—NO RISK COUPON NOW!

AMERICAN HEALTHAIDS COMPANY, Dept. K191
Candy Division, Room 927
125 E. 46th St., New York 17. N. Y.

☐ I enclose $1.00, send trial sample size, postage pre-paid!

☐ Rush a *Liberal Supply* of Kelpidine Candy plan. I enclose $3.00, send postage pre-paid. (I save up to 75c postage by sending payment with order.)

☐ Rush a *Large Economy Supply* of Kelpidine Candy. I enclose $5.00, send postage pre-paid. (I save up to 90c postage by sending payment with order.)

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE ..... Sent on Approval

THE DEEP, INSCRUTABLE **EAST** HOLDS MANY MYSTERIES THAT WESTERN MINDS CANNOT FATHOM. SOMETIMES, IT IS BETTER TO LET THEM ALONE. WHEN **JIM WESTBROOK**, AN AMERICAN BUSINESS MAN, IS IN **ARABIA** SELLING MACHINERY FOR OIL FIELDS, HE WITNESSES THE FAMOUS **ROPE TRICK**. BUT HE SHOULD HAVE STOPPED THERE. BUT WHEN HE FINDS HIMSELF ABLE TO MASTER THIS LEGENDARY PIECE OF MAGIC, HE IS HEADED FOR SURPRISING EVENTS, BEARING OUT THE OMINOUS OLD ADAGE WHICH BEGINS . . .

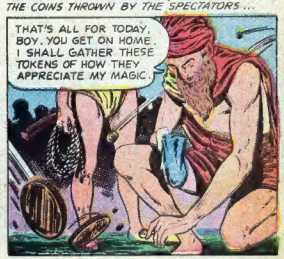
"GIVE A MAN Enough Rope"

ONE DAY, WESTBROOK STOPS BEFORE A NATIVE BAZAAR TO WATCH **AZIZ**, A FAKIR, ENTERTAIN THE PASSERS-BY...

IN A MOMENT, THE BOY REACHES THE END OF THE ROPE AND FADES FROM SIGHT...

AT THE FAKIR'S COMMAND, THE BOY MATERIALIZES AGAIN AND SLIDES TO THE GROUND, TO THE AMAZEMENT OF THE ONLOOKERS...

AS THE CROWD DISPERSES, AZIZ PICKS UP THE COINS THROWN BY THE SPECTATORS...



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THE FAKIR, AZIZ, CARRYING THE MONEY COLLECTED DURING THE DAY, DEPARTS. BUT BEFORE LONG, IN A DESERTED STREET, HE IS ATTACKED...

WESTBROOK, CUTTING THROUGH THE NATIVE QUARTER ON HIS WAY TO HIS HOTEL, HAPPENS UPON THE SCENE...

JUMPING INTO THE MELEE, THE AMERICAN USES HIS FISTS TO ROUT THE NATIVE THUGS...

THE FAKIR IS HUMBLY GRATEFUL...

SO AZIZ THE FAKIR TEACHES WESTBROOK THE MYSTERIES OF THE FABULOUS ROPE TRICK...

BACK IN HIS HOTEL, WESTBROOK THINKS OVER THE EVENTS OF THE DAY...

AFTER THAT, HIS ATTENTION IS COMPLETELY OCCUPIED BY BUSINESS AFFAIRS...

MONTHS LATER, BACK IN AMERICA, WESTBROOK AND HIS PARTNER, **HENRY ULMANN**, ARE ELATED BY THE RAPID EXPANSION OF THEIR BUSINESS...

JIM, THAT ORDER YOU GOT IN ARABIA REALLY STARTED US ON THE ROAD TO SUCCESS. WE WILL SOON HAVE TO ERECT A NEW PLANT TO HANDLE ALL THE ORDERS.

YES, HENRY. THINGS ARE GOING FINE. BEFORE LONG WE WILL BE MILLIONAIRES.

WESTBROOK, HOWEVER, HAS EXTRAVAGANT TASTES AND SPENDS MONEY FREELY EVEN BEFORE THE PROFITS ARE ASSURED. HE IS A POPULAR FIGURE IN NIGHT CLUBS...

MORE CHAMPAGNE, WAITER! SEE THAT MY FRIENDS HAVE EVERYTHING THEY WANT. GIVE ME THE BILL.

ATTA BOY, JIM.

♪ HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW-

HIS ONE GREAT OBSESSION IS GAMBLING...HE CANNOT RESIST...

HOW ARE YOU DOING TONIGHT, JIM?

NOT SO WELL - NOT MY NIGHT, I GUESS.

SOON HE IS DIPPING INTO HIS FIRM'S FUNDS TO COVER LOSSES

I'LL TAKE OUT A FEW THOUSAND DOLLARS AND CHARGE IT TO SOMETHING ELSE. HENRY WON'T KNOW THE DIFFERENCE.

BUT THE EMBEZZLED MONEY GOES THE WAY OF THE REST...

SEVEN- ON THE BLACK.

HANG IT! I'M CLEANED OUT AGAIN.

HE DIPS FURTHER AND FURTHER INTO BUSINESS FUNDS AND FALSIFYING THE BOOKS TO COVER HIS STEALING...

I'LL COVER UP EVERYTHING CAREFULLY AND NOBODY WILL BE THE WISER--

BUT HIS PARTNER IS NO FOOL, AND BEFORE LONG WESTBROOK IS CONFRONTED WITH HIS PECULATIONS.

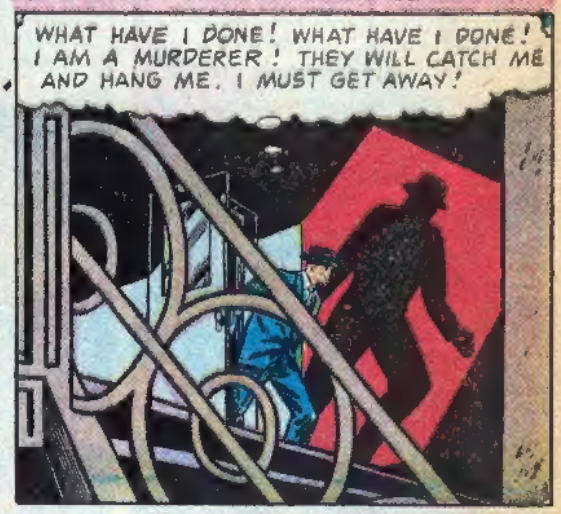
JIM--THE AUDITOR HAS JUST REPORTED THIS TO ME.. WE ARE SHORT THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLARS AND YOU ARE THE ONE WHO'S BEEN STEALING IT!

WHY, I-ER, I--

FILLED WITH ANGER AND FEAR, WESTBROOK PULLS OPEN HIS DESK DRAWER AND REACHES ...

BUT WESTBROOK'S RAGE IS BEYOND ALL REASON...

THEN, TERRIFIED BY WHAT HE HAD DONE, JIM WESTBROOK STUFFS SOME MONEY INTO HIS POCKET, PUTS ON HIS HAT AND FURTIVELY SLINKS OUT OF THE OFFICE BEFORE ANY OF THE EMPLOYEES COME IN ...



FROM THAT DAY ON, HE IS A MARKED MAN. THE NEWSPAPERS RAISE A HUE AND CRY AS THE KILLER HUNT STARTS ...

THE CRINGING FUGITIVE HIDES OUT UNDER FALSE NAMES IN SHABBY, RUNDOWN HOTELS ...

HIS GUILTY FEAR IS SO GREAT THAT HE EVEN ABANDONS HIS FOOD IN CHEAP DINERS IF ANYBODY GIVES HIM A SECOND LOOK...

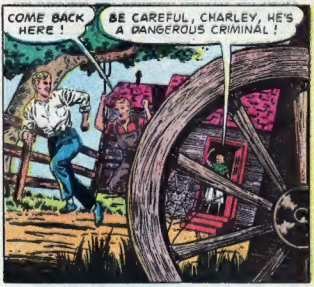
FINALLY, HIS MONEY GIVES OUT AND HE LEAVES THE CITY UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS, THE NEXT DAY FINDS THE WEARY FUGITIVE PICKING HIS WAY ALONG LONELY BACK-COUNTRY ROADS...

WHEN HIS STEPS LEAD HIM TO THE NEXT FARMHOUSE...

BUT WESTBROOK WAS WRONG. THE FARMER'S WIFE WHISPERS TO HER HUSBAND...

THE WOMAN GOES FOR THE FOOD BUT WESTBROOK QUAKES AS HE SEES THE FARMER REACH FOR THE PHONE. HIS SUSPICIONS ARE AROUSED...

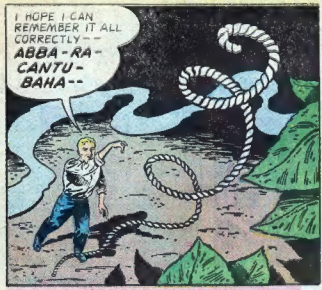
THE FUGITIVE TAKES TO HIS HEELS WITH THE FARMER RIGHT BEHIND HIM...



CONFUSED AND WITHOUT DIRECTION, JIM WESTBROOK DODGES AMONG THE FARM BUILDINGS. BACK OF THE BARN, HIS EYES SPY A COIL OF ROPE...

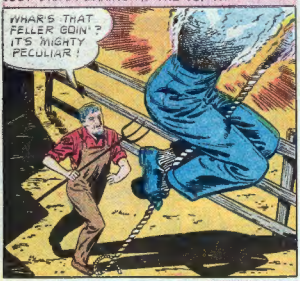
IN A FLASH HE REMEMBERS THE ARABIAN FAKIR'S TRICK. HE SEIZES THE ROPE...

HE THROWS THE ROPE INTO THE AIR, MEANWHILE CHANTING THE WORDS OF THE MAGIC SPELL...



IT WORKS! THE ROPE STIFFENS AND WESTBROOK STARTS CLIMBING JUST AS THE PURSUING FARMER RUNS UP...

WHEN THE FARMER REACHES THE BOTTOM OF THE IRON-LIKE ROPE, HE FIND HIS QUARRY JUST DISAPPEARING AT THE TOP...



BEWILDERED, HE SHAKES THE NOW EMPTY ROPE, BUT WITHOUT VISIBLE RESULTS...

BUT WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO WESTBROOK? AS HE LEAVES THE TOP OF THE ROPE -- HE FINDS HIMSELF IN A CLOUD...

HE BEGINS TO GET PANICKY AND YELLS OUT...

A VOICE ANSWERS, AND WHO SHOULD APPEAR BUT **AZIZ...!**

CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT...

GAIN MORE WEIGHT IN 10 DAYS OR YOUR MONEY BACK!

SKINNY

MEN ARE OFTEN ASHAMED TO STRIP FOR SPORTS OR FOR A SWIM!

GIRLS ARE NOT ALLURING AND DON'T HAVE EYE-CATCHING CURVES!

CHILDREN WHO WON'T EAT AND ARE UNDER-WEIGHT, OFTEN CALLED SKINNY!

Now at last More-Wate plan that puts firm, attractive pounds and inches on your body, chest, arms and legs.

Amazing New Way developed by modern medical science to put on weight on lean bodies. **Guaranteed** to give you up to an **extra pound a day!** Or your **money back!** Why should you dread going to parties and socials, simply because you look scrawny and spindly? Why ever feel self-conscious about your body again? If you're **underweight*** . . . or just a little on the thin side, due to faulty appetite, or bad dietary habits, you can **put on up to a pound a day** of **attractive weight** without exercise . . . dangerous drugs . . . or special diet . . . and more quickly, more easily than you ever dreamed possible . . . with MORE-WATE. MORE-WATE contains no dangerous drugs . . . **you eat it like candy!** Yet . . . if you were to have this same prescription compounded to your order, it would cost you many times more. However, through this introductory offer, you can obtain **4-way** MORE-WATE tablets . . . a full 10 days' supply . . . for just $1.00 or a 30 day supply for only $2.98, plus a 10 day supply free, with an absolute money-back guarantee! Yes, try MORE-WATE for TEN DAYS . . . and if not entirely delighted with weight gained, return the unused supply for full refund! You've nothing to lose . . . and **weight to gain!** Act now! Stop being the guy or the gal that everyone calls "skinny." Stop being the guy or the gal who dreads summer and going to parties and socials because it means everyone will enjoy themselves and you won't. Don't be a wall-flower, because you have a figure like a broomstick! **Gain more weight!**

10-DAY SUPPLY ONLY $1.

The 4-way MORE-WATE tablets are **unconditionally guaranteed** to put on weight . . . or it doesn't cost you a penny! MORE-WATE is a **delicious,** full strength, 4-way tablet . . . that combines not just one . . . or two . . . but 4 of the most amazing aids for **gaining weight** known to medical science. MORE-WATE is not a liquid . . . not a powder. It's **delicious, pleasant-tasting tablet!** It contains vitamin B-12 . . . the **amazing red vitamin doctors** give many **underweight patients in hospitals** . . . It contains Iron that **helps** correct iron deficiency, anemia and builds rich, red blood. It contains appetite-building vitamin B-1 . . . and it contains nutritious easily assimilated malt, the amazing ingredient that helps your body turn much of the food you eat into **well rounded flesh** instead of being wasted. **That's the secret of putting on weight.** Now you can help your food to **add new pounds** to your **arms, chest, hips, thighs,** and **legs.** Now you don't have to be skinny . . . or afraid to be seen socially and be ashamed of your figure! **You must achieve the figure you want . . . or don't pay anything.** Act now!

Not one child yet has failed to go for and ask for more MORE-WATE tablets! Stop worrying about children not eating enough, give them MORE-WATE tablets—it stimulates their appetite . . . they eat it like candy!

SENSATIONAL 10-DAY TEST!

Mail the coupon now! Test the amazing MORE-WATE tablet plan for 10 days at our expense. If after 10 days your friends, your mirror and your scale do not tell you that you have gained weight and look better you pay nothing!

MAIL THIS NO RISK TRIAL COUPON NOW!

MORE-WATE CO., Dept. ST
400 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Just mail us your name and address, and $1.00 cash, check or money order. You will receive a 10 day supply of MORE-WATE tablets and plan, postage prepaid.

☐ Send me 30 day supply plus an extra 10 day supply (that's a 40 day supply) for $2.98. I understand that if I am not delighted with MORE-WATE tablets and plan, I can return the 30 day supply in 10 days for full purchase price refund, and keep the 10 day supply without charge.

NAME.....ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

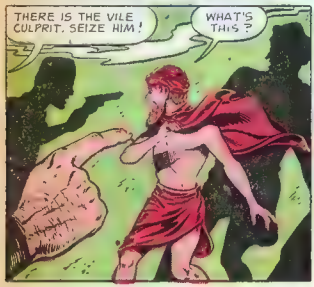
SENT ON APPROVAL—MAKE AMAZING 10-DAY TEST

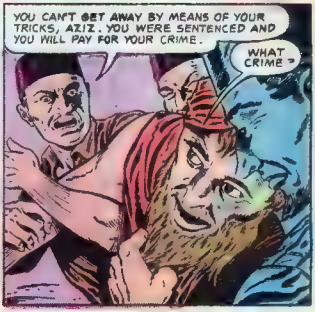
GOSH, I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU!
I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU TOO! STRANGE AS IT MAY SEEM, ALTHOUGH I HAVE PERFORMED THE TRICK MANY TIMES, THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I HAVE EVER CLIMBED UP THE ROPE MYSELF.
WE MUST HAVE ARRIVED UP HERE JUST ABOUT THE SAME TIME -- ONLY THE BOTTOM END OF YOUR ROPE IS IN AMERICA, WHILE THAT OF MINE IS IN ARABIA.
SAY -- THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!
LET'S EXCHANGE ROPES. LET ME CLIMB DOWN YOURS AND YOU CAN HAVE MINE.
THAT'S FINE. THEN I SHALL BE IN AMERICA AND YOU IN ARABIA.
ONLY - THERE IS ONE THING I MUST TELL YOU ABOUT THE MAGIC SPELL. ONLY THE PERSON WHO CLIMBS THE ROPE CAN DESCEND THE SAME ONE, SO IF YOU GO DOWN MY ROPE, YOU WILL ASSUME MY BODY IN ARABIA AND I WILL LOOK LIKE YOU IN AMERICA.
THAT'S OKAY WITH ME. I'LL DO IT!
EVEN ASSUMING THE FORM OF THIS SCURVY BEGGAR WILL BE BETTER THAN STAYING HERE AND HANGING FOR MURDER.
SO EACH DESCENDS THE OTHER'S ROPE ...
AS AZIZ COMES DOWN, HE TAKES ON THE APPEARANCE OF JIM WESTBROOK ...
... AND AS THE ROPE CRUMPLES, HE STEPS RIGHT INTO THE ARMS OF THE LAW ...
SO LONG, AZIZ.
GOOD LUCK, MY FRIEND.
COME ALONG, WESTBROOK. WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU.
WHY, WHAT'S WRONG? WHAT HAVE I DONE?

As the officers lead Aziz away he learns of his terrible predicament...

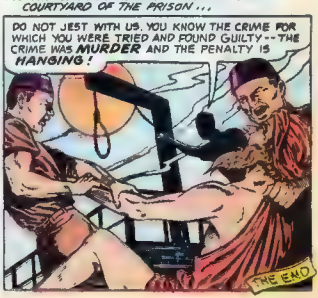
Meanwhile, the real Westbrook eagerly climbs down the other rope, assuming the bodily form of Aziz...

Then suddenly, his composure is shattered as he is surrounded by armed guards...





As the unhappy man is dragged to the courtyard of the prison...



New Heavy Plastic GIANT CIRCUS TENT Play House

$1.00 complete

Bring all the thrills of the big top to your kiddies. Let them stage their own 3-ring spectacle in this giant DuPont plastic circus tent. Set it up in the room or yard. It's a full 10 foot around. Large enough for your kiddie to play in with his friends. Set it up in seconds. No tools required. Slips over any standard card table. It's sturdy, durable, washable, safe—flame-proof. Kiddies will get thrills of circus life and scream with delight as they lead their own shows in the dream world of the circus. Rush your order. Supplies are limited.

LARGE ENOUGH FOR 2 KIDS SETS UP IN A JIFFY NO TOOLS NEEDED

AN IDEAL GIFT

Now your favorite kiddie anywhere can be happy with a gift of this giant circus tent playhouse.

STURDILY BUILT OF DU PONT DURABLE PLASTIC

No matter how rough the kiddies abuse this heavy plastic giant circus tent playhouse it will withstand their vicious attacks. Makers realizing how rough kiddies can be have used extra heavy plastic to ensure long, long wear. It has already been hailed by parents as a wonderful plaything creation. Your kiddies will enjoy it too. Order yours today.

10 DAYS FREE TRIAL

Order your giant circus tent playhouse at our risk. Set it up and let the kiddies play with it. If not delighted return in 10 days for full refund of the purchase price. Supplies are limited. Price is $1.00 plus 25¢ for postage, packing and handling. Only 3 to a customer. Rush coupon now before this offer is withdrawn.

GIANT BIG TOP CO., Dept. ST
400 Madison Ave., New York City 17, N.Y.

Send your newly created, colorful, complete giant circus tent at once. It is understood IF I am not delighted after 10 day trial I will return for full refund of the purchase price.

☐ I enclose $1.00 plus 25¢ for each giant circus tent ordered.

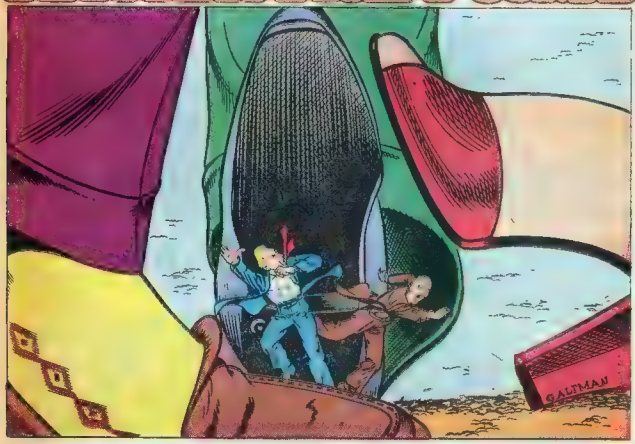
NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

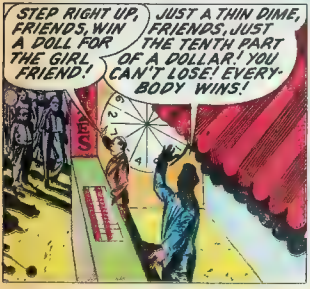
CITY_____ STATE_____

THEY WERE PARTNERS IN DECEIT, PARTNERS IN FRAUD, LAUGHING AND SNEERING AT THE FOOLS WHO FELL FOR THEIR PHONEY RACKET! IT WAS A SOFT BERTH, A MILLION DOLLAR CON-GAME, AND AS THEY CONTEMPTUOUSLY CHEATED THE PUBLIC, THE MONEY ROLLED IN! TCH, TCH, TCH! 'TIS A PITY THAT SHORTY AND SAM DIDN'T KNOW THAT.

THE BIGGER THEY COME



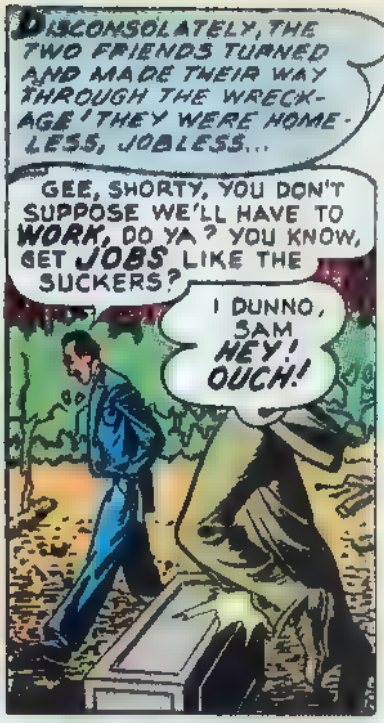
SHORTY AND SAM HAD BEEN WITH THE CARNIVAL FOR NINE SEASONS, AND AS "PITCH'MEN THEY WERE THE BEST IN THE BUSINESS! NOBODY COULD PART A SUCKER FROM HIS MONEY FASTER



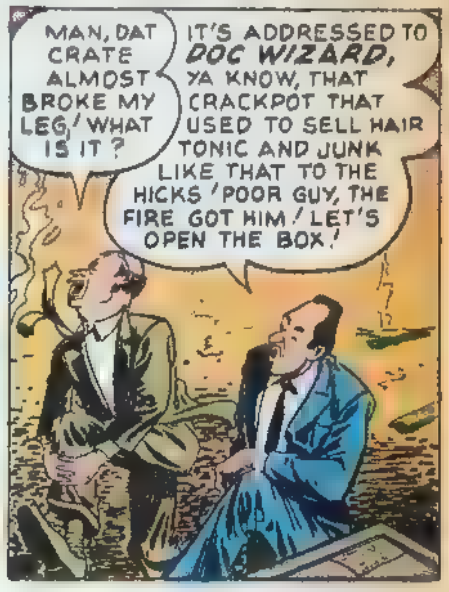
THERE MIGHT HAVE BEEN LITTLE CHANGE IN SHORTY AND SAM'S LIVES IF A FIRE HADN'T DESTROYED THE CARNIVAL LATE ON A JULY NIGHT...

By morning the carnival was a gutted mass, and when Sam and Shorty returned in the hope of salvaging a few of their possessions they found everything lost in the smoldering rubble ..

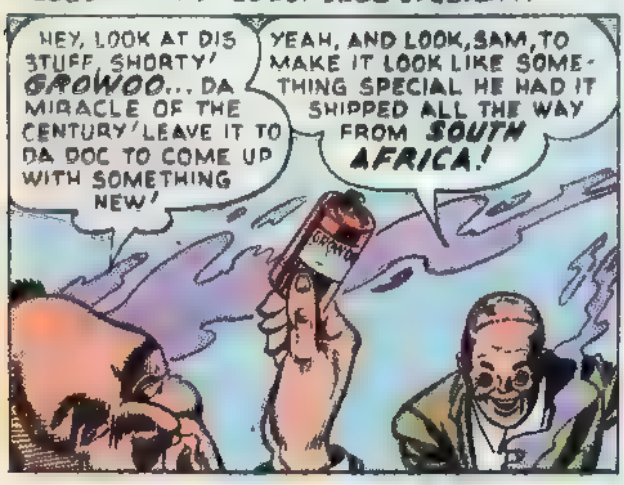
Disconsolately, the two friends turned and made their way through the wreckage! They were homeless, jobless...

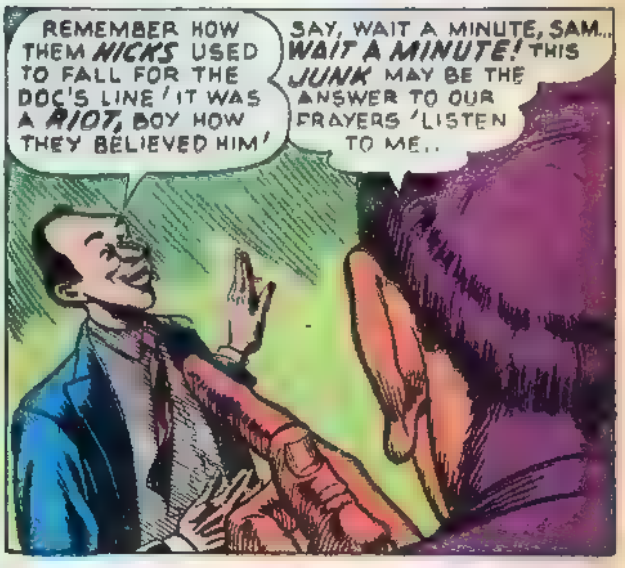


And so it happened that Sam and Shorty stumbled across the wooden crate that was to change their lives...

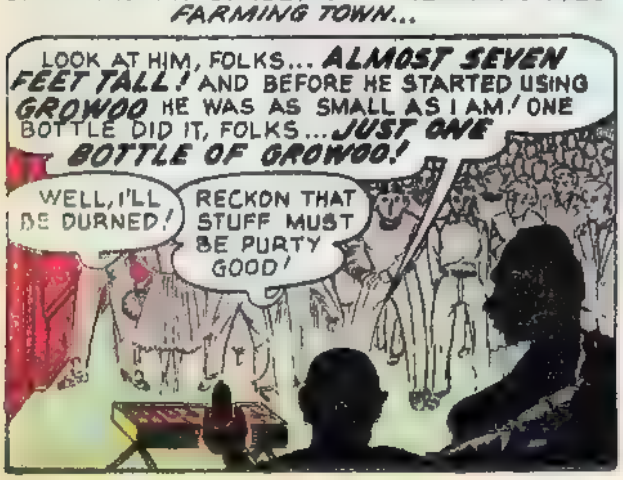


They found that the crate contained bottles,- dozens of small bottles filled with a colorless liquid...

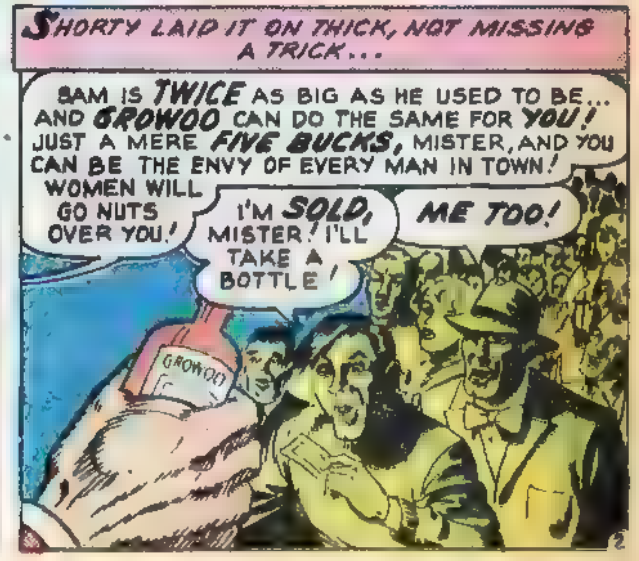




Shorty's idea met with Sam's approval, and late that afternoon found them on the main street of a nearby little farming town...



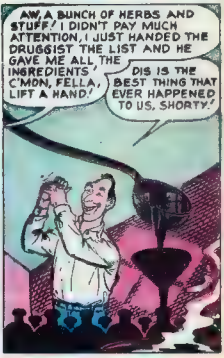
Shorty laid it on thick, not missing a trick...



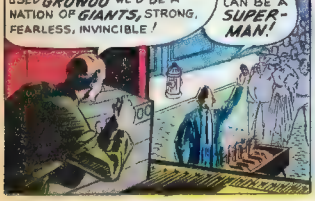
WITHIN TEN MINUTES EVERY BOTTLE OF GROWOO WAS SOLD ..

SHORTY AND SAM BEAT IT OUT OF TOWN IMMEDIATELY, GLOATING AS THEY SAT ON A TRAIN BOUND FOR DETROIT, COUNTING THEIR PROFIT...

THEY SET UP HEADQUARTERS IN DETROIT, AND FOR A MONTH THEY DID NOTHING BUT MIX, BOTTLE, AND LABEL A NEW SUPPLY OF GROWOO...



AFTER ALL THE BOTTLES WERE CRATED AND READY, THEY BOUGHT A SECOND-HAND TRUCK, AND STARTED TOURING THE COUNTRYSIDE.



NO MATTER WHERE THEY WENT, BIG TOWNS, OR SMALL TOWNS, GROWOO WAS A SELL-OUT.

THE MONEY ROLLED IN, UNTIL THE TRUCK HELD MORE PILES OF CRISP GREENBACKS THAN BOTTLES OF GROWOO

SHORTY, BOY WE'RE ON *EASY STREET!* WE'VE MADE ENOUGH DOUGH TO LAST US FOR FIVE YEARS! WHY, WE CAN LIVE LIKE *KINGS!*

YER A *PIKER*, SAM! WE'VE JUST *STARTED!* WE HAVEN'T EVEN HIT THE WEST COAST YET!

YEAH, BUT ONE THING BOTHERS ME, LITTLE CHUM! WHAT HAPPENS WHEN DA SUCKERS FIND OUT DA STUFF DON'T WORK?

LEAVE IT TO ME, PAL! DIDN'T JA SEE WHAT I HAD PRINTED ON THE LABELS? "*GROWOO MAY TAKE AS LONG AS A YEAR TO WORK!*"

YOUSE IS VERY SMART, SHORTY!

TANKS, SAM, NOW LET'S HEAD BACK TO DETROIT! WE GOTTA BREW UP A NEW BATCH OF DA STUFF!

AND SO MATTERS WENT FOR THE NEXT ELEVEN MONTHS! WITH DETROIT AS THEIR HOME BASE, THE TWO CON MEN BLANKETED THE COUNTRY WITH GROWOO FROM NEW YORK TO CALIFORNIA

GROWOO

GROWOO

IT WAS SHORTY WHO FINALLY DECIDED IT WAS TIME TO CALL IT QUITS...

WHERE D'JA SAY WE WERE GONNA GO, SHORTY?

TO THE MOUNTAINS, PAL! IT'S BEEN ALMOST A YEAR SINCE WE SOLD THE FIRST CRATE OF GROWOO, AND BEFORE LONG THE HICKS ARE GONNA START SCREAMING CAUSE IT DIDN'T WORK! SO WE'LL TAKE A VACATION 'TILL THE HEAT'S OFF!

TWO DAYS LATER SAM AND SHORTY DROVE THE TRUCK INTO AN ISOLATED AREA OF NORTHERN CANADA...

WHERE D'JA EVER HEAR OF DIS PLACE? IT'S IN DA *MIDDLE OF NOWHERE!*

I WENT HUNTING UP HERE WID MY PA WHEN I WUZ A KID! THERE'S AN OLD SHACK A COUPLA MILES AHEAD, AN' THAT'S WHERE WE'RE GONNA HIDE OUT!

THEY REACHED THE SHACK AT SUNDOWN...

WHATTA DUMP! DON'T SEEM RIGHT TO HAVE SO MUCH MONEY AND LIVE LIKE *DIS!*

RELAX, PAL! IN A COUPLA MONTHS WE KIN LIVE *ANYPLACE!*... GO *ANYWHERE!* AND FOR NOW, WE KIN *AMUSE* OUR SELVES BY COUNTING OUR MONEY!

AND FOR THE FIRST MONTH EVEN THE RESTLESS SAM WAS CONTENT...

WHOOPEE! SHORTY BOY, YOU LITTLE PINT SIZED GENIUS, DO YOU REALIZE THERE'S OVER A THOUSAND BUCKS HERE?

I REALIZE IT, CHUM! BELIEVE ME, I REALIZE IT!

BUT BY THE END OF THE SECOND MONTH NOT EVEN THE SIGHT OF THE NEATLY STACKED BILLS COULD MAKE SAM HAPPY! HE WAS NERVOUS, AND IRRITABLE, DETERMINED TO GO TO TOWN...

I TELL YA! I CAN'T STAND IT NO MORE! TWO MONTHS HERE WID NOTHIN' TO DO! C'MON, SHORTY, LET'S GO BACK!

ANYTHIN'S BETTER THAN LISTENIN' TO YOU GRIPE! BESIDES WHICH I ONLY FIGURED ON STAYIN' HERE TWO MONTHS!

BY MORNING THE MONEY WAS PILED IN THE BACK OF THE TRUCK AND THE TWO COMMEN WERE ON THEIR WAY BACK TO CIVILIZATION

HOT DOG! BY TONIGHT I'LL BE HAVING ME A BIG STEAK! THE BIGGEST IN DETROIT!

OH NO YOU WON'T, PAL. YOU'LL BE HAVING THE SECOND BIGGEST! I'LL BE HAVING THE BIGGEST!

ON AND ON THE TRUCK ROLLED... BUT THEY DIDN'T REACH ANY SIGN OF LIFE! NO HOUSES, NO TREES, NOTHING BUT MOUNTAINS AND MORE MOUNTAINS...

SHORTY, I TINK WE'RE LOST! I DON'T REMEMBER GOIN' THROUGH ALL DESE MOUNTAINS

YA KNOW, I TINK YER RIGHT, SAM! AND DA FUNNY THING IS, I AIN'T NEVER KNEW THEY HAD SUCH BIG MOUNTAINS IN CANADA!

AFTER ANOTHER TWO HOURS OF STEADY DRIVING, SAM AND SHORTY WERE STILL SURROUNDED BY THE DARK FOREBODING MOUNTAINS. FINALLY, THEY STOPPED THE TRUCK AND GOT OUT...

MAN, LOOK AT DOSE THINGS! I AIN'T NEVER SEEN NOTHING SO HIGH!

WE BETTER FIND SOME PEOPLE BEFORE IT GETS DARK! I DON'T FEEL LIKE SPENDING THE NIGHT HERE!

BUT THERE WERE NO PEOPLE TO BE FOUND! NO PEOPLE, NO HOUSES, NO LIGHTS, NO SIGNS OF LIFE... NOTHING BUT MOUNTAINS...

SHORTY, I... I'M SCARED! WHY AIN'T THERE ANYBODY LIVING SOMEWHERES? SOMETHING'S WRONG AROUND HERE!

I DUNNO, I DUNNO!

AS THEY LOOKED AROUND IN INCREASING ALARM, SAM AND SHORTY HEARD A TREMENDOUS CRASH, THE GROUND UNDER THEIR FEET TREMBLED, AND A GIGANTIC UNKNOWN OBJECT SETTLED WITH A THUD ONLY INCHES AWAY...

S-S-SHORTY! WHAT'S HAPPENING??

M-MAYBE IT'S AN ATOM BOMB... MAYBE DA WORLD'S COMIN' TO AN END...

THEY RAN, TERRIFIED, BUT THE FARTHER THEY RAN, THE WORSE THE NOISE AND TREMORS OF THE EARTH BECAME! THE HUGE OBJECTS WERE ALL AROUND THEM, MOVING, FALLING, NEARLY CRUSHING THE TWO CON-MEN!

AND THUS SHORTY AND SAM WERE CAUGHT IN A TRAP OF THEIR OWN MAKING, DOOMED TO SPEND THE REST OF THEIR LIVES RUNNING AND HIDING, TRYING TO AVOID CERTAIN DEATH BY BEING STEPPED ON...

The RACKET that FAILED

VARIED ARE THE VICIOUS RACKETS IN WHICH SMALL SHOPKEEPERS IN MANY OF OUR CITIES ARE UNWILLING VICTIMS. NO DEPTH IS UNPLUMBED BY SORDID CRIMINALS IN THEIR GREED FOR A FAST-AND CROOKED BUCK. A TYPICAL CASE INVOLVES OLD **SAM KARSH** WHO, WITH HIS WIFE, HAS WORKED A LIFETIME TO MAKE A MODEST AND HONEST LIVING IN THEIR LITTLE CANDY-AND-STATIONERY STORE . . .

ONE DAY, A SHIFTY-EYED, OILY CHARACTER DROPS INTO SAM'S STORE WHEN HE IS ALONE...

HELLO - NICE LITTLE STORE YOU GOT HERE. MUST HAVE GOOD TRADE. YOU CARRY ANY PUNCHBOARDS? YOU KNOW - THE LITTLE GADGETS WHERE YOUR CUSTOMERS CAN HAVE A LITTLE FUN AND WIN SOME CASH PRIZES TOO.

NO - I DON'T BELIEVE IN GAMBLING AND I WOULDN'T HAVE ONE OF THOSE THINGS IN MY STORE!

NOT SO FAST, MISTER. JUST TAKE A LOOK AT THIS - A SAMPLE OF MY "PRETTY POSY" PUNCH-BOARD GAME. ONLY 25¢ A CHANCE AND SOME LUCKY CUSTOMER GETS $5 IN CASH. YOU'LL GET A BIG PLAY ON THESE AND YOU'LL MAKE A GOOD PROFIT FOR YOURSELF.

AGAIN, I TELL YOU **NO!** GET OUT!

PRETTY P

NEXT DAY, THE MAN IS BACK.

BEAT IT! I TOLD YOU TO STAY OUT OF HERE!

LISSEN, KARSH, YOU'RE GOING TO PLAY BALL WITH ME OR ELSE - UNLESS YOU WANT TO WIND UP ON A STRETCHER.

LATER, KARSH GETS A NOTE...

OH, SAM - IT SAYS YOU'LL BE KILLED IF YOU DON'T TAKE THOSE GAMBLING BOARDS! I'M SCARED, SAM. I DON'T WANT YOU TO GET HURT!

ALL RIGHT. I DON'T WANT YOU TO WORRY. I'LL TELL THE MAN I'LL TAKE THEM.

THE MAN RETURNS AGAIN

I CHANGED MY MIND I'LL TAKE THEM

NOW YOU'RE SMART SEE - YOU CHARGE THE SUCKERS 25¢ A PUNCH AND THE LUCKY ONE WINS FIVE BUCKS. YOU AND I SPLIT THE TAKE FIFTY-FIFTY.

IN THE FOLLOWING DAYS...
I DON'T SEEM TO HAVE ANY LUCK WITH THESE THINGS!
I'M DISGUSTED! I NEVER GET A WINNER ON YOUR BOARDS, KARSH.
I CAN'T HELP THAT, MR JOHNSON.
THEY STILL DON'T PAY OFF...
NOTHING BUT BLANKS! I THINK THESE BOARDS ARE CROOKED, KARSH!
BUT- BUT--
AFTER A WEEK HAS PASSED...
YOU'RE THE ONE I WANT TO SEE! THOSE BOARDS ARE NOT FAIR!
TAKE IT EASY, KARSH. SURE, THEY'RE RIGGED FOR NO PAYOFF. THAT GIVES US A LOT MORE PROFIT AND THE SUCKERS WON'T KNOW THE DIFFERENCE.
YOU- YOU CROOK! TAKE YOUR STUFF AND GET OUT OF HERE. I'M GOING TO TELL THE COPS ABOUT YOU!
WISE GUY, EH? WELL, YOU AIN'T WISIN' UP NO COPS, SEE? I AIN'T FINISHED WITH YOU!
THAT NIGHT, AS KARSH IS ABOUT TO CLOSE THE STORE, A FIGURE SLINKS IN, AND...
WHEN KARSH IS FOUND, INSPECTOR MADSON AND MR QUADE, HIS ASSISTANT, REACH THE SPOT...
A SUDDEN ATTACK. THE OLD MAN DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE. PROBABLY A ROBBER WHO SAW HIM CLOSING UP.
I DON'T THINK SO, BOSS. THE MONEY IS STILL IN THE CASH REGISTER. GOT TO BE SOME OTHER MOTIVE.
2

HERE'S A "PRETTY POSY" PUNCHBOARD ON THE FLOOR, BUT I DON'T SEE ANY OTHERS IN THE STORE. IT MIGHT GIVE US A CLUE.
WE'LL LOOK INTO ALL THE ANGLES, MAC.
AT HEADQUARTERS, THE INSPECTOR AND GAIL FORD, HIS "GIRL FRIDAY", TALK TO THE STOREKEEPER'S WIFE...
DON'T YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHO HIT SAM, INSPECTOR? I THINK I'M GOING TO CLOSE THE STORE.
NOT YET, MRS. KARSH, AND DON'T CLOSE THE STORE. I THINK IT'S VERY IMPORTANT TO KEEP IT OPEN.
BUT I'LL BE ENDANGERED! WE GOT A THREAT NOTE.
DON'T WORRY, I'LL HAVE SOMEONE RUN IT FOR YOU.
AFTER THE TERRIFIED WOMAN LEAVES...
HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO RUN THAT STORE FOR A FEW DAYS, GAIL?
OH-OH! I COULD SEE THAT COMING, BOSS. OKAY, IF IT WILL HELP YOU.
A NEW "OWNER" TAKES OVER THE STORE...
PIPE THE NEW DAME WHO BOUGHT OUT KARSH'S SHOP. SHE'S SOME LOOKER!
WHAT A PIPPIN!
WHAT HAPPENED TO THE PUNCHBOARDS OLD KARSH USED TO CARRY?
DID HE? WELL, I DON'T HAVE ANYTHING LIKE THAT. NO GAMBLING IN MY STORE.
JUST AS WELL, BABY. THEY WERE CROOKED ANYWAY.
3

THAT NIGHT, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...
I FEEL THAT THE ATTACK WAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH CROOKED PUNCHBOARDS. SEVERAL CUSTOMERS SPOKE OF THEM.
IT COULD EASILY BE, MAC. YOU KEEP HIDDEN IN THE BACK OF THE STORE AND SEE WHAT MIGHT DEVELOP.
SEVERAL DAYS LATER...
GOT ANY PUNCHBOARDS IN THIS STORE, LADY ?
NO. I DO NOT APPROVE OF THEM
LOOK, LADY, YOU SEEM TO BE NEW IN THIS BUSINESS. LISSEN TO DANNY STARK - THAT'S ME - AND WE'LL BOTH MAKE MONEY.
WELL - MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT.
HERE'S THE ARTICLE - "JOLLY JESTER" PUNCHBOARDS. JUST 25¢ A CHANCE ON A $5. PRIZE. WE SPLIT 50-50 ON THE TAKE. I'LL BE IN NEXT WEEK AND CHECK UP.
SOUNDS LIKE A PROFITABLE LINE.
WHERE CAN I GET IN TOUCH WITH YOU, MR. STARK ?
YOU CAN'T, LADY. YOU JUST WAIT TIL I COME IN NEXT WEEK, LIKE I TOLD YOU.
AS SOON AS STARK HAS GONE...
WHAT DO YOU THINK, MAC ?
HMM - SAME TYPE PUNCHBOARD AS THE ONE I FOUND NEAR POOR MR KARSH - CUSTOMERS SAY THEY'RE CROOKED - WE'LL LAY A NET FOR MR. STARK.
A WEEK LATER, WHEN STARK RETURNS, GAIL ACTS A PART PREVIOUSLY ARRANGED...
TAKE BACK YOUR CROOKED PUNCHBOARDS, MR. STARK! GET OUT OF HERE - AND STAY OUT, OR I'LL CALL THE POLICE!
WHY, YOU - YOU'LL REGRET THIS - !!

AS THE ANGRY STARK LEAVES, MAC SLIPS OUT OF THE BACK OF THE STORE ...
... AND TAILS HIM TO A CHEAP HOTEL ...
NOW WE KNOW WHERE HE HANGS HIS HAT.
SHAMORE HOTEL
MAC HANGS AROUND UNTIL EVENING, WHEN HE SEES STARK LEAVE THE HOTEL ...
THERE HE GOES... AND IT'S JUST ABOUT TIME FOR GAIL TO CALL IT A DAY —
IT IS A DARK, RAINY NIGHT AS GAIL PUTS OUT THE LIGHTS IN THE STORE...
I WONDER WHAT TOOK MAC SO LONG, HE HASN'T BEEN BACK ALL EVENING. IT'S TEN O'CLOCK, AND I'M HEADING FOR HOME --
OUT OF THE MURKY STREET, A RAIN-SOAKED FIGURE SLIPS THROUGH THE DOORWAY INTO THE DARKENED STORE. AS GAIL TURNS, SHE SIGHTS THE LOOMING MENACE ...
OH-OOO!
OKAY, GAIL, I GOT HIM!
MAC!
5

SOON, A POLICE DETAIL TAKES OVER . . .

THIS GUY IS ONLY WOUNDED. THE BOYS FROM THE PRECINCT WILL HANDLE THINGS. COME ON, GAIL. LET'S HEAD FOR THE SKIDMORE HOTEL.

MAC'S BADGE GAINS THEM QUICK ACCESS TO STARK'S HOTEL ROOM . . .

LOOK - A BIG BATCH OF "PRETTY POSY" PUNCHBOARDS. SAME KIND HE MUST HAVE SCARED KARSH INTO TAKING.

AND BOXES OF "JOLLY JESTER" - THE KIND HE SHOWED ME - ALL PROBABLY JUST AS CROOKED. THIS GUY WAS A BUSY OPERATOR

HERE'S PAPER AND INK, MAC. BET IT WILL LINK HIM UP WITH THE THREAT NOTE THE KARSHES RECEIVED.

I HAVE AN IDEA THIS IS THE GUY WE'RE AFTER.

AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, SEVERAL HOURS LATER . . .

NO USE QUESTIONING HIM ANY FURTHER, MAC. I'VE SENT HIS FINGERPRINTS TO THE F.B.I. AND I EXPECT A REPORT SOON. AH - THIS COULD BE IT NOW -

TELETYPE MESSAGE FROM WASHINGTON, INSPECTOR.

HMM - HIS REAL NAME IS HENRY DALLETT, AND HE'S WANTED IN THREE STATES FOR EXTORTION AND MURDER. AFTER WE TRY HIM FOR THE KARSH KILLING, WE'LL LET THEM HAVE HIM - IF THERE'S ANYTHING LEFT OF HIM THEN. TAKE HIM AWAY.

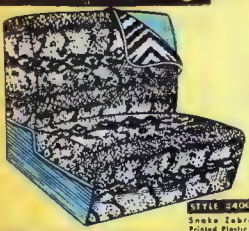
THIS BIRD'S BOUND FOR THE HOT SEAT, ONE WAY OR ANOTHER.

GUESS WE'LL WIND UP THE CASE, BOSS.

YES, MAC, AND WHILE WE'RE AT IT, I WANT TO THANK GAIL FOR HER INVALUABLE HELP.

ALWAYS GLAD TO GIVE YOU A HAND, INSPECTOR. NOW, I SUPPOSE I'LL CLOSE UP SHOP.

Zebra-Snake Design



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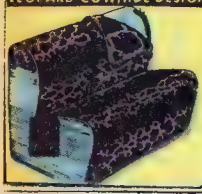

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CRIME DOES NOT PAY

NOT only do manuscripts come to a magazine office from professional writers, but also from those who have experiences of their own to tell. A letter of this type came from Robert Segrist, a retired guard of State's Prison. He writes of a graphic tale of warning based on an episode he had witnessed on his tour of duty previous to his retirement. He writes:

"There were twenty-two men in the Death House at this particular time; men who killed callously as well as men who killed in the heat of passion . . . brutes and cowards, all. When you studied them you saw that they all conformed to a pattern, an evil pattern of those who put themselves beyond the pale of decent citizens. Now the wheels of Justice had ground to a close and they had been sentenced to pay, each as an individual, for his crime against society. Since they all merged into a common type, let's take a typical example.

"There was 'Fats' Lessinger. He had a blot on his soul because he had slain a girl. He said he shot her for the insane reason that he 'loved' her. Anyway, he had pulled the trigger, dumped the body into a thicket and then in his befogged way had gone home and to sleep. It did not take the police long to reconstruct the events leading to the slaying when they discovered the tragedy. The trail quickly led them to the stupefied man and he was taken into custody.

"Lessinger's ne'er-do-well friends quickly deserted him and no one came to his assistance but his poor old mother, who was still obliged to work for a living. Even she did not have the funds to pay the legal fees for his defense but those who knew and respected her rallied to help, and the best local lawyer was retained to try to save 'Fats' from the chair. This advocate did his best, but with slight hope, in view of the unmitigated circumstances of the slaying and his client's record in the community. The lawyer's efforts were hampered in no small degree by Lessinger's cocky attitude throughout.

"He put up a nonchalant attitude of bravado during the trial, hoping that some miracle, with the help of his lawyer, would get him off with a minor sentence. But he was doomed to disappointment. He paled when he heard the ominous words as the solemn-faced judge sentenced him to execution, but the pallor passed quickly. Even then, Death seemed far away and he had hopes of a reprieve.

"Sure, he told himself, he shouldn't have done it; but he was full of beer and sore at Elsie Branton because she had fallen in love with a decent young fellow who had a steady job and had told Lessinger that she was through with his uncouth ways, his laziness and his perpetual beer-swilling. She had announced in no uncertain terms that she was through with him and did not want him to bother her or come near her again. Rage and wounded pride had surged through Lessinger's groggy head and his hand snaked to the illegal pistol he had hidden in his pocket. Before his brain could reason, he killed her.

"THE fearsome hours of mental torture for such killers as 'Fats' Lessinger are those which span the time just before that last walk to the Death Chamber—that 'last mile' that leads to sudden oblivion.

"So the dread hour of execution drew near. All hope of reprieve had now vanished. 'Fats' Lessinger knew beyond a doubt that he must die—must pay the penalty that society exacts from such as he. More and more, his mind pictured the little room with the chair in it; the chair with the electrodes for arms and legs and the queer skullcap of steel that would fasten down upon him through which would pour voltage of enormous power to send his soul racing from the useless shell that was his body. The prison chaplain came to talk to him. Was he ready to meet his

Maker? Sure. Lessinger's lips sneered in a tough show of what he thought was bravery. Sure, he was ready to meet anybody—if he just had a rod!

"The day of execution drew near and Lessinger's mind began to know torture. After Death—what? Eternal damnation? Oh, why—why had he killed the girl? Why must he surrender his life to even up for hers? Who was she, anyway? Just a poor girl who made a meager living waiting on tables in a cheap roadside restaurant. And he was Lessinger, big and strong and eager for life.

"Time swiftly flew. The chaplain reasoned with him. With Death knocking at the door, Lessinger suddenly realized that he had been traveling the wrong road. Let him start over again and he would know better. He would behave himself. He would go to church. He'd stay away from booze and roistering companions. He would work his fingers raw to be an honor to the grey-haired old mother who wept through the steel bars when she came to the prison to say goodbye.

"Too late, 'Fats' Lessinger! Even now the man is at the switch. The reporters and the other witnesses are in their chairs, waiting for the fatal hour. In the powerhouse, removed from the scene of the last act of the tragedy, the engineers have the dynamos humming the ominous chant.

"Hundreds of miles away, on a quiet New England hillside, the winter night wraps its cold, black arms about a simple mound of earth—Elsie Branton's grave. She had been young and pretty with the exuberance of youth; wide blue eyes looking forward to all that life offered—love, a happy home, children playing about the house. But she had gone for a ride with a jealous, besotted wastrel who had scorned the livelihood of a decent citizen, 'Fats' Lessinger. And he had a gun that he carried to make himself seem important in the eyes of his worthless companions. He had gone suddenly mad and he had sent a lethal bullet crashing into the young body of the girl at his side.

"Night—mysterious shades of night, with Elsie Branton resting deep in the hillside in her sleep eternal—and now 'Fats' Lessinger on the way to his!

"QUICKLY, now! Sit down, 'Fats' Lessinger. You are pale. You are shaking like a leaf in the wind. Hold your leg still while this electrode is fastened tight. Your eyes! What are they staring at? You are living over your whole lifetime in a single minute; your carefree boyhood, your smartaleck adolescence, your misspent young manhood. Elsie Branton had youth too, Lessinger—she had hopes and dreams too. She was going to marry an honest, hard-working man. She was going to quit the drudgery of slinging hash in the cheap restaurant and settle down to home life with a loving husband. You didn't like that, did you, Lessinger? You wanted your girl friends to be shoddy like yourself. If they objected, you had a gun, didn't you, Lessinger? And it didn't take much strength for your grimy finger to press the trigger!

"Seconds are centuries! You cannot see your executioner. Your mind is numbly whirling in a frantic vortex. Any instant now it will strike you—that man-made lightning that will mean for you the doorway to eternity. Any instant now. Any—

"Cra-a-a-ckle—!!

"So Fate weaves its inexorable mesh. A young girl adventures down from New England seeking Life. A lazy young man with a twisted sense of values spends his time in worthless self indulgence, seeking Life. Their paths cross. Each says: 'This is Life'.

"But Death sneered—and took them both."

THAT was a powerful story you told, ex-keeper Segrist. We don't mind saying that small beads of perspiration came to our faces as we read through your account. Thanks very much for this terrific object lesson which points out the bare, stark fact that "Crime Does Not Pay!"

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QUEENIE STARR

"DEATH ON TOUR"

by Gene Leslie

UPON THE COMPLETION OF THEIR OPUS "ISLAND INTRIGUE" PARAGRAM STUDIO PLANS TO SEND THE THREE LEADING PLAYERS, LENORE LANNING, NEIL HARPER AND QUEENIE STARR, ON A PERSONAL APPEARANCE TOUR OF PRINCIPAL CITIES AS A PUBLICITY STUNT...

IT WILL BE FUN—

WE THINK IT'LL BE A GOOD IDEA FOR YOU TO DO A SCENE FROM THE PICTURE IN PERSON. IT'LL BE A SWELL BUILD-UP. THEN WE CAN TEAM YOU THREE AGAIN IN ANOTHER PICTURE.

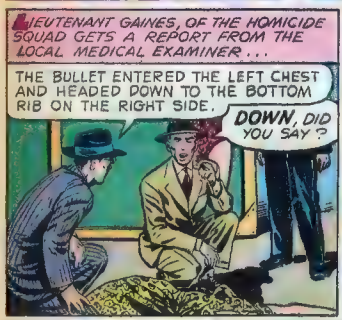
THE FOLLOWING DAY, THE THREE PLAYERS EMBARK AT LOS ANGELES AIRPORT...

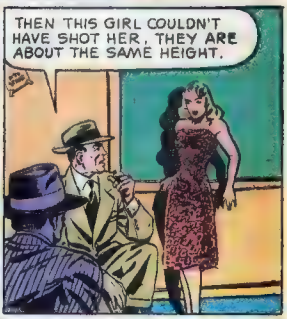
THEY STOP IN CITY AFTER CITY, DOING A SCENE FROM "ISLAND INTRIGUE", A TORRID DRAMA OF LOVE AND HATE IN THE SOUTH SEAS...

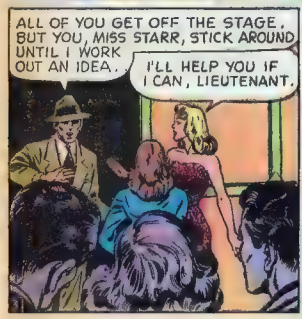
WHEN THEY GO TO THEIR HOTEL, LENORE DROPS INTO QUEENIE'S ROOM BEFORE RETIRING...
I'M GETTING AWFULLY TIRED OF TRAVELLING, AND THIS PARTICULAR TOWN GIVES ME THE WILLIES!
OH, IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE SUCH A BAD PLACE, LENORE.
TROUBLE IS, I'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE, AND MY MEMORIES ARE ANYTHING BUT PLEASANT. WELL, I THINK I'LL TURN IN. GOO' NIGHT!
'-NIGHT!
NEXT DAY, WHEN THEY ARRIVE AT THE THEATRE, THEY ARE GREETED BY THE ASSISTANT MANAGER...
SORRY THE MANAGER ISN'T HERE. HE HAD TO GO OUT. BUT I'LL SHOW YOU WHERE YOU DRESS.
THANKS.
TO INTRODUCE THE PICTURE, THEY DO THE SCENE OF TANGLED EMOTIONS...
"YES! WE NATIVE GIRLS FIGHT TO HOLD OUR MEN!"
"PUT THAT GUN DOWN, NAKELA!"
THE "NATIVE" GIRL FIRES A BLANK CARTRIDGE, BUT THE RESULT IS NOT IN ACCORD WITH THE SCRIPT OF THE PLAY...
"I'LL SHOW YOU!"
2

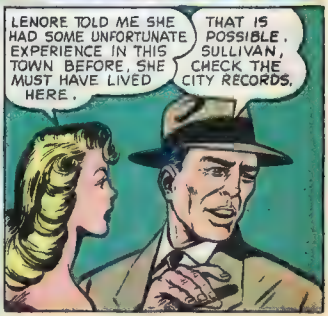
LENORE LANNING FALLS TO THE STAGE ALL TOO REALISTICALLY AS THE OTHERS STAND, AGHAST . . .
LENORE!
SHE'S HURT!!
SHE'S DEAD!

THE SHOW STOPS, AND THE POLICE TAKE OVER . . .
EVERYBODY STAY WHERE YOU ARE.


LIEUTENANT GAINES, OF THE HOMICIDE SQUAD GETS A REPORT FROM THE LOCAL MEDICAL EXAMINER . . .
THE BULLET ENTERED THE LEFT CHEST AND HEADED DOWN TO THE BOTTOM RIB ON THE RIGHT SIDE.
DOWN, DID YOU SAY?


THEN THIS GIRL COULDN'T HAVE SHOT HER. THEY ARE ABOUT THE SAME HEIGHT.

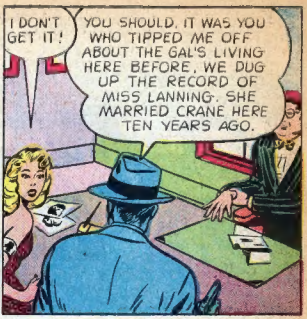

ALL OF YOU GET OFF THE STAGE. BUT YOU, MISS STARR, STICK AROUND UNTIL I WORK OUT AN IDEA.
I'LL HELP YOU IF I CAN, LIEUTENANT.


LENORE TOLD ME SHE HAD SOME UNFORTUNATE EXPERIENCE IN THIS TOWN BEFORE, SHE MUST HAVE LIVED HERE.
THAT IS POSSIBLE. SULLIVAN, CHECK THE CITY RECORDS.

AFTER THE BODY IS REMOVED...
I DON'T KNOW YET WHO DID IT, BUT I BET I KNOW WHERE THE BULLET CAME FROM--
AT GAINES GETS A BALL OF CORD AND GOES UP TO THE PROJECTION BOOTH TO FASTEN ONE END...
HE DROPS THE CORD OVER THE BALCONY RAIL...
HE TAKES IT UP ON THE STAGE...
NOW, YOU STAND JUST WHERE THE MURDERED GIRL STOOD.
HE PULLS THE CORD TAUT...
SEE - THE COURSE OF THE BULLET WENT LIKE THIS: DOWN THROUGH HER HEART AND DOWN TO THE RIB ON THE OTHER SIDE. NOW, WHERE'S THAT PROJECTION MAN?
A MAN ENTERS FROM THE STREET...
HERE HE COMES!
HEY! - WHAT GOES ON? WHA' HAPPENED?
4

THE GAL WAS SHOT FROM YOUR PROJECTION BOOTH. YOU'RE THE KILLER!
HOW COULD I? I WASN'T EVEN HERE 'TIL I CAME IN JUST NOW!
SOL CRANE, THE MANAGER, MADE ME GO TO GET A SPECIAL LENS HE WANTED ME TO USE. I CAN PROVE WHERE I WAS-!
SOME TIME LATER, COMES A CALL...
WE GOT THE RECORDS ON THE LANNING DAME. HERE'S THE DOPE-
YEAH- SPILL IT!
LIEUTENANT, CRANE, THE MANAGER, JUST CAME IN. SHALL I GET HIM HERE?
NO, I'LL SEE HIM IN HIS OFFICE.
QUEENIE FOLLOWS TO THE OFFICE...
IT IS TERRIBLE, LIEUTENANT, THAT ONE PERFORMER SHOULD SHOOT ANOTHER RIGHT ON THE STAGE! WHY ISN'T SHE IN JAIL? I WAS DETAINED, BUT I GOT HERE AS SOON AS I COULD-
YOU'RE GOING TO BE DETAINED SOME MORE, CRANE. I'M ARRESTING YOU FOR THE MURDER OF THAT ACTRESS!
WHAT?
5

CRANE'S HAND SLIDES TO A DRAWER, BUT AS A GUN COMES UP, GAINES FIRES..
BANG


I DON'T GET IT!
YOU SHOULD. IT WAS YOU WHO TIPPED ME OFF ABOUT THE GAL'S LIVING HERE BEFORE. WE DUG UP THE RECORD OF MISS LANNING. SHE MARRIED CRANE HERE TEN YEARS AGO.

THE ANGLE OF THE SHOT SHOWED IT CAME FROM THE PROJECTION BOOTH. CRANE SENT THE REGULAR MAN OUT AND WENT UP THERE. HE FIRED SAME TIME AS YOU DID.
BUT WHY?

YOU'RE RIGHT. I CAN'T GET OUT OF IT. OUR MARRIAGE DIDN'T LAST. SHE WENT ON TO FAME, WHILE I WAS LONGING FOR HER. I WAS JEALOUS - BITTER!
YOUR FAME WILL BE IN THE HOT SEAT!

NEIL HARPER COMES IN...
OH, NEIL, IT'S ALL OVER! THE KILLER HAS JUST CONFESSED!
YES, BUT IT WON'T BRING POOR LENORE BACK!

I'LL BE GLAD TO GET BACK TO HOLLYWOOD.
YES, QUEENIE, WE WILL START RIGHT BACK AND TRY TO PUT THIS HORRIBLE TRAGEDY BEHIND US WHEN WE START WORKING IN OUR NEW PICTURE.

MEN - WOMEN - BOYS - GIRLS

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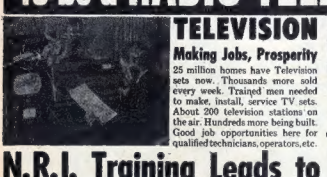
I Will Train You at Home in Spare Time to be a RADIO-TELEVISION Technician



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